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telled on to nourish the kind and good,

O the sands leaped up to the river's swell The great rocks crumbled-the sin walls fell, And devils went walling about in hell, Because that the good should win.

Rang the bells of Christmas moraing. Crystal flakes the sky adorning deciess flitted here and there, arring all the quiet air, soing cheeks and flying curls Of the trooping boys and girls; Limping on supporting staff,

Age joined in the joyous issuch.
"Christinas morning." sang the river,
"Christ is boro," the bells replied,
"Thanks to God, the blessing giver;
Fc. our sins the Saviour diek."

And the Sisters Three, by the gate above, CHARLES EUGENE HANKS.



CHAPTER L. In a northeastern region of Georgia there is a community where, it is said, a man's honor is worth more than his gold. Of course this is not true unless -as possibly might have been the case -a man must have had a small amount of gold and an enormous degree of honor. But it is a fact that in this community a man placed a very high estimate upon his own word. And it may naturally be inferred that the code flourished as a fever that followed the chilly observance of trivial though rigid rules of social conduct. The code did flourish, and it flourished so luxuriantly that every man in the community became so expert a shot that a

duel meant almost certain death for both parties. In this community there lived two young men who had grown up in rivalry, not in the nature of a love affair, but had early learned to despise each other's good points. Billings acknowledged one day that he really did not know why he hated

Podsley. "But do you really hate him?" some one asked. "Hate him! never hated pure blood as I hate that fellow." He hesitated a moment and then added: "Rather an odd comparison, gentlemen, I admit, but when I think of that man I have a mania-a feeling that I have been bitten by a mad dog. And yet, I stand here ready to commend him, acknowledging him to be a man of good manners, of good family and good graces. But I hate him

and he hates me. "It's strange that you've never come together," a man remarked. "Yes, it is rather strange, and yet not so strange either, when you consider the fact that neither of us has ever given the other cause to take active offense. I hated him at school and I have hated him everywhere; and what is strange to me is that instead of my bate wearing out as the years of | by contemplating what I feel myself. judgment come on, it seems to become deeper, as the roots of a poisonous vine that push their way further and fur-

ther into the earth. I suppose we'll come together some day.' Billings had been waiting for the blacksmith to shoe his borse, and as and rode away. He had not been gone long when Podsley rode up. He did sire that you should kill me. We not dismount, but turning aldewise in might fight a duel with guns or pishis saddle he began in his easy and

rider," said he, "and he told me that he expected to do a great work in this neighborhood. I informed him that there was plenty of material lying around, and that as soon as I got through with my own particular harvest I would help him with his. Oh, I think that I can swing a cradle in the tangled wheat and tares of sin. But I don't think that the preacher took my offer in good part. He asked me if I were a professor, and I had to tell him that there still remained several degrees of sanctity that I had not taken. Thereupon, fellow-citizens, he rebuked

"And he served you right," said the blacksmith, who stood in the door, wiping his hands on his sheep-skin ose you're right, Tobe," Pods-

ley replied, "but it does rather chafe me to see a young fellow just from school, just from an ambitious examurged him by promising him a prize-I say it chafes me to hear that young fellow talk to older men about the sin of the world and of the great work which he himself is expected to perform. And yet, if it hadn't been for a certain man in this community I suppose that I should have been a preach-It was my mother's prayer and my own intention, but as the time drew near I found that my heart was too full of hate to preach the gospel of

"But couldn't you let the love for the many overcome the hate of the one?" the blacksmith asked. 'No, I threw personal inclination

and a mother's yearning on the side of love of the many, but there stood the hate, defying everything." "We all know who the object of hate

is," said the blacksmith. "Oh, I suppose you do, for there has never been any concealment of it. All his friends and all my friends know it. And yet, to tell you the truth, I don't why I hate him. It has been a mystery to me nearly all my life. But I remember that about the first lucid thought I ever had was the idea that he had been born merely to annoy me. His annovance, though, was always of a passive kind. I have never been able to call him to account for anything that he has said or done. And this makes me hate him still more. Well,

boys, take care of yourselves." He rode away, turned to the right and galloped down the county road. He had not gone far when he saw, a hort distance ahead, a man sitting on borse, talking to a girl who had he rode past him without turning his he cast a hard look, for she drew back lings' horse soon came cantering after him. The road abruptly dipped down and crossed a small stream. Podsley halted to let the horse drink. Billings

rode into the stream and halted. "Bright weather we're having," said "Yes, rather. But I don't think that Httle rain would do any harm."

"No, except to some weakling who might chance to get wet."
"That's a fact." Podsley rejoined: and, by the way, there are weaklings

in this neighborhood.' "Yes, I know of one." "And I know of one." "Then there must be two."

"I know of but one." They rode out of the stream, ide by side. "Billings," said Podsley, "I hate every hair on your head." retorted Billings, loathe every bone in your body.

"Ah, hah, but bones are stronger than hair." "Yes, but Samson's strength was in his hair." "That so? How different from you. Your strength seems to be in your

at each other. "Billings," said Pollsley, "it does seem to me that we have lived in hatred of each other long enough to come to some sort of sensible agreement. I know what you feel So long as we both live there is no real happiness for either of us. Why this And now can't we come to some sort

of settlement? Billings was slowly stroking his horse's mane. "I should think so," he answered. "I am more than willing to risk my life to kill you, but I don't de-sire that you should kill me. We tols-real gentlemen don't fight with whistants way to harangue the knives but that would mean sure

That's true," Podsley agreed. "And, to show you the interest I take in the matter, I would much rather that you would be the one to die."

commendable," said Billings. "At any rate this thing can't go on much longer, and we must, in consequence, fix up some sort of scheme. Now let me make a suggestion! We will draw lots to see which one shall shoot the other. No, that would have too much the appearance of murder. Let me We'll draw lots to determine which one shall take poison. And the man who draws the poison lot shall write a statement to the effect that he has committed suicide. The poison shall be handed him by the winner. What do you say?"

"It's unique, and is therefore agreeable to me. Meet me here to-morrow at twelve o'clock. Let each man bring a ination into which his earthly pride written confession and a dose of

CHAPTER IL At twelve o'clock the next day they met in the road. They came afoot. "Before we enter into this little competition," said Podsley, "we stake our honor as gentlemen to carry out every detail of this contract, and to do so without earping or grumbling. If I win, you take the poison as soon as I give it to you; if you win I shall do the same." "I agree. My honor, which is worth more than my life, is at stake."

"Here, dip this coin." Podsley won. They are now standing in the woods. Billings took out his confession. "I will be found hold-ing this in my hand," said he. "I have left a copy of it at home so that there

will be no question about its genuine-He broke a vial against a tree and said: "Give me that." Podsley was

holding a vial in his hand. "I say, give me that and let's have this thing over. Why don't you give it to ma?" "I will in my own good time. Mind you, your life belongs to me. When I call for it, you must, without a word

in objection, yield it up. I will see you again. Good day." Months passed and still Podsley made no demand. Once at a picule Billings stood laughing with a party of friends. Podsley approached and taking out a vial slyly showed it to Billings. Billings with equal slyness took out a folded paper and showed it

to Podsley. Months passed. It was noticed that brought a gourd of water from a house Podsley was gayer than he had ever near by. Podsley knew the man and been; and a friend who happened to look into his room one night saw him head, but the girl must have seen that holding a small bottle in his clasped hands, bending over it and laughing from the fence and said something in One day Podsley met Billings in the an undertone. Podsley rode on. Bil- road. They halted and Podsley took out the vial. Billings took out the

> "You are mine "Yes; do you want me now?" "I can't surrender my great victory so suddenly. I must play with you awhile longer. I didn't know that I

was so full of fun." He laughed. "And I didn't know that you were so full of the devil." Podsley laughed again. "I am going

away," he said, "and when I come back I want you. Good-by for a time." Two years passed. It was rumored that Podsley had been killed in the Black Hills. There was no cause to doubt the rumor. An old man from the far west said that he had seen him This was three months after he had left home. Billings was free. He

It was Christmas morning. Billings was sitting by his fire. His wife was hanging evergreens about the room. Some one shouted at the gate. ings went out.

married the girl who had once brought

him a goard of water.

"Why, what's the matter, dear?" his wife asked. She had seen him stagger when he stepped out. A man on horseback was at the gate. Podsley had re-"I thought you were dead," said Billines. "or this would not have hap-

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the door. She could not hear him. "But you see that I'm not dead," Podsley answered. "Two weeks ago I started back here to claim my own." He took out the vial. "You have but to claim it."

Podsley smiled. "I say that I started nek to claim my own. "I understood what you said."

And do you know what I would

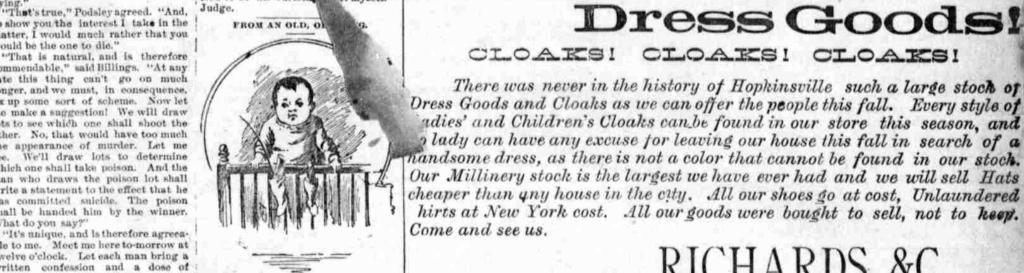
'No, your prayers. My mother is lead and her prayer has been answered. There is no hate in my heart. I will now attempt to teach men to live better lives; and I begin by making you a Christmas present. Your life is your own-and God's." He smashed the vial on a stone, bowed to the woman who stood in the door and galloped away.



'Milly, don't yer think if up her stockin's Santy Claus m her a pair o' legs to put in 'em.

No Doubt He Would. Hipple-How would you like m Christmas present, Miss Cash? Miss Cash-I'm afraid Mr. Triv

Hipple-Mr. Trive Miss Cash-Yes; you se I've promised to be his Christing offt myself.-



The babe whose birthday on Christmas doth

"Mr. Lilliboy gave me a pearl hat pin for a Christmas present. 'What did you give him?' "Permission to give it."-Chicago

SANTA CLAUS' MISTAKE.



Mr. Schaupenhauser falls asleep over his pipe, and Santa Claus at first sight takes it for a chimney. - Harper's

Now the maiden gathers worsted Stippers her best beat she'll send: But the man that gets the slippers Will get worsted in the end.

My little child Slips from my arms Just when my heart Most to her warms. God bless her! How

She thrills me when She tumbles in My arms again. Years fly so fast; A maiden, then She'll turn from me. Some smooth faced bo Her heart will steal

What use, Why, then To show that

Puss, the common name for cat, is a

corruption of the Persian word pers, a by the 'grip' this month, and profiting by Torres were originally bands of Irish outlaws. The Celtic word toree means robber

Calico was made at Calicut, and was so called in honor of the place of its invention. GUTTA-PERCHA, bumboo, gong, rat-

tan and three or four more are of Mainy origin. BACHELORS' BUTTONS take their name divination.

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tuer. He began to improve at once and

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soon regained his health."

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